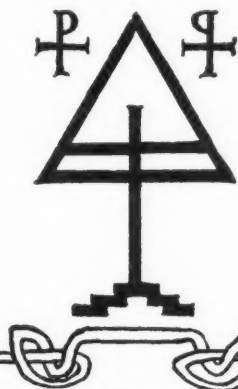


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THE FIELD AFAR



A BEAUTY-PATCH NEAR SHANGHAI.

VOL. XII. No. 4 ✕ APRIL, 1918 ✕ PRICE 10 CENTS



THE HEART OF MARYKNOLL.

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from Rome the Degree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procure of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a half-way house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent
upon application.

"*THY Kingdom come*"—i. e.,
"May all men come to know
Thee, the One true God, and
Him Whom Thou has sent,
Jesus Christ."

Such is our daily prayer.
Actions speak louder than
words and are the true test of
sincerity.

Do we say the "Our Father"
sincerely?

Some day He will ask us.
What answer shall we be able to
give?

* *

THERE has been a gratifying
unification of our national
forces since our boys have
reached the Front. Co-operation
is felt to be the secret of ultimate
success, and a ready response to
the call of the K. of C. and the
Red Cross needs argues a unity
of purpose and a courage for
sacrifices that will prevail over
difficulties.

Soon, too, "our boys" will be
on the Chinese front. In a short
time, as the Church of the Ages
measures time, our Catholic
young men, with the power of
Christ's anointed and the en-
thusiasm of pioneers, will throw
up the first line of trenches in
America's modest portion of
God's heathendom.

The Maryknoll cantonment has
been quietly drilling her men for
the front and when she sends
them forth it will be with the
conviction, born of experience,
that nation-wide Catholic co-op-
eration will loyally stand behind
them in their momentous task.

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It is systematic, consistent aid
that ensures success, and foreign
missions must enter into our
daily life and be reckoned as an
essential by all Catholics, in order
to win to the Church God's neg-
lected "no man's land"—China.

* *

WHILE it is hardly correct to
say, "The new field will
probably be near Canton," we
nevertheless indulge the hope
that the Sacred College of Prop-
aganda in Rome will soon assign
a definite sphere of work for mis-
sioners from Maryknoll.

It is always the beginnings that
are difficult, and those who are
well acquainted with Maryknoll
know that if its first missionary
has yet to leave for pagan lands,
this delay is due not at all to lack
of eagerness on the part of our
aspirant missionaries, but to the
stern necessity of building up a
complete and reliable organiza-
tion at home, so that the founda-
tion of America's missionary en-
terprise might be strong, effec-
tive, and enduring. Faculties had
to be supplied at both the Mary-
knoll Seminary and the prepara-
tory school near Scranton. A
constant propaganda had to be

carried on to arouse and maintain interest in foreign missions—to the Catholics of America, unlike their European brothers, a new duty, and one in which they have not been educated since childhood. Again, it was imperative that this training school for future missionaries should be placed immediately on as firm a financial basis as possible, to avoid the necessity later on of having to turn away any who might wish to devote their lives to the cause of foreign missions.

Last month's FIELD AFAR gave a sketch of the wonderful growth that has blessed the work since its inception five years ago. Under the very evident hand of Divine Providence, the size and stability of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is now such as to warrant our sending out the first band of missionaries, with the realization that we can supply a constant material endorsement to their efforts without in any way compromising the efficiency of the work at home, namely, training more fresh recruits for the ranks abroad.

* *

For many of us, the want of sympathy for mission work is due to want of knowledge.—Rev. P. C. Danner.

PITTSBURGH interest in Maryknoll has been as constant as it has been generous. Since the Mission Aid Society of that diocese first encouraged our work with a thousand dollar gift five years ago, every February has brought a further manifestation of its most Catholic spirit of charity.

The amount of the original gift has been increased until doubled—as evidenced by a recent check for two thousand dollars. The generous co-operation of this finely organized diocese has proved a very material aid to Maryknoll's progress and has been a most encouraging approval of our efforts to supply missionaries to pagan peoples. Needless to say we are deeply grateful.

IN the death of Archbishop Prendergast of Philadelphia Maryknoll has lost a very dear friend and a kind benefactor. Archbishop Prendergast had that truly Catholic spirit which reached far beyond the confines of his immediate diocese to embrace the spiritual welfare of the Church Universal, and he regarded the spread of the true Faith among the pagans with an interest and a concern second only to that with which he watched over the particular flock entrusted to his paternal care.

A few years ago it would have seemed presumptuous to expect the growth actually attained by his diocesan branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which during the past year had such a splendid record. There is every reason to believe that the efficiency of management of this society will perpetuate the impulse given it by the late Archbishop, by maintaining the diocese of Philadelphia in the front ranks of the Church Apostolic.

Doubtless it is incorrect to say that Maryknoll has "lost" a friend, for surely he who was so interested in our work while he was on earth will continue to watch over its progress and remain its spiritual father.

* *

"THE less a society is engaged with enemies at home, the more energy it may devote to activities abroad," opined the optimistic missionary, reaching for his pipe. "In objecting to certain menacing features of Socialism as un-Christian and immoral, the Church was facing a long domestic struggle with this system, whose good points have no stronger advocate. Such a conflict would necessarily distract the shepherds of the faithful from overmuch attention to pastures in pagan lands.

"What I'm wondering now is,

whether Mars hasn't played a trick on the Socialistic dragon, and drawn his best teeth.

"Beyond any doubt, the sole attraction in the Socialistic platform for many, if not the majority, of its adherents lies in a few choice economic planks. To its moral or religious views they attend not at all. Thousands of votes have been gained by such appealing battle-cries as 'Government ownership' (of everything but the Government, which must be owned by the people), 'Let the Government lower the service hours and raise the wages; let it own the big production and disown the big producer.'

"And now, it really is beginning to look as if Mars were going to carry off the bacon. Government ownership of railways has already been inaugurated. National control of waterfalls, coal and metal mines, and large power plants, is being seriously discussed by those higher up; federal wage determination, for major industries at least, seems inevitable—and the martial momentum may speedily carry us further into Uncle Sam's arms than was dreamed of in thy sophistry, Pugnacio.

"After the war, shall all be restored as before? Doubtless we shall have found Uncle Sam the best master, and decide to retain him as Boss during good behavior.

"The anarchist will of course continue to rave about the land of the free and the pay of the brave, but Mr. Hoi Polloi, already enjoying a fair share of the blessings for which he became a Socialist, will return to the party from whence he sprung.

"The ranks of the radical 'reformers' being thus weakened, the Church militant will be freer to dispatch proportionately greater forces for pagan conquest."

So saying, the optimistic ruminator refilled the pipe, and having repeated his opening remark as a final anthem, crowned it hopefully with rings of velvet smoke.

"Train Up a Child."

"Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes, and see the countries; for they are white already to harvest."—John iv. 36.

IT would be difficult to misunderstand this injunction and its implied duty, sent down through the ages by Our Divine Saviour, and yet how few heed it. We lift up our eyes and we see the countries, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas, teeming with souls and white to harvest. Then our eyes wander back to the homeland with its own needs, and there they usually stay fixed.

But there are always truly Catholic souls, ingeniously striving to fulfill God's slightest wish, souls whose love is universal and whose eyes rest with tender solicitude on the whitening fields. They may not go themselves to reap, but they can make the harvesting possible and easier for those few whom the Master has chosen, who are working against such odds today when even the remotest mission is affected by the war which has cut off supplies of men and means.

"It is a plain duty to aid foreign missions and I don't see how Catholics can get away from it. And the only way to bring this home to Catholics is to train the children to a knowledge and love of mission work."

The speaker was a slip of a girl, and with that simple courage and devotion which have made women the delight of the Church she and a single companion have within a few weeks started a work which promises to be great. Armed only with the sense of a duty to be fulfilled, an intense love for souls, and a package of prints on which appears a prayer from the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith, they have already visited fifty-four of the parochial schools, academies, and colleges in New York City, and gained the willing consent of the



BL. FRANCIS DE CAPILLAS, O.P.,
PROTOMARTYR OF CHINA.

Superiors to have that prayer recited by the children.

Thousands of prayers are thus being offered for the missions, and God alone knows the fruit they are bearing. A vocation may be born, souls saved, missions encouraged, and works supported, because of them. And meanwhile, children are learning to think of and love the missions, which will afford them models of heroic sacrifice and zealous faith.

See that before you make an end of resolving, life itself does not end.—St. Alphonsus to a friend.

A Gilt Edge Investment.

FIVE minutes after dying, some people would make their will over again, had they the chance.

They see things then in a different light.

They realize better the value of what is eternal, and how noble is that work which aims at bringing an appreciation of this value to others.

The trouble is, they are too late in realizing it.

Of course, you are not going to be one of this number. You realize now that only that happi-

ness is really worth while which is enduring. And, not being miserly, you want other people to have that happiness as well as yourself.

Therefore, when you make your will, you are going to do your bit towards teaching the ignorant pagans that there is a lasting happiness and how to attain it.

Later on, their gratitude will be for you a very part of Heaven: while He Who died for the world cannot forget your response to His command, "Teach all nations."

Now it often happens that a flying wedge of lawyers tackle a last testament, and, by the time the relatives gather up what remains, the "will" of the deceased has been twisted into a "won't" quite opposed to his desire.

To give the would-be benefactors of Maryknoll the moral certainty of compliance with their will, the *Annuity* plan has been devised, whereby an intended legacy is invested "in Maryknoll," instead of "in oil" or "in iron," and, like any gilt-edge bond, brings a regular interest to the annuitant for life.

Many of our friends, among the clergy as well as the laity, have adopted this method of helping along the cause, are receiving regularly a five per cent return on their annuity, and have the assurance that on their death the principal will automatically go towards the very work that God became man and died for, namely, bringing to men's grasp the only true, enduring happiness.

In what nobler work could the fruits of one's labor be employed—and immortalized?

Stories from The Field Afar

(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

Each 50 Cents Postage Extra

The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those which landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.—Macaulay—Essay on Ranke's History of Popes.



NEW edition—the sixth—of *A Modern Martyr* has just been ordered. The continued popularity of this tale of the labors and sufferings of an apostle of our own day, which has been in demand not only in our country and Europe but even in the distant mission fields themselves, is explained by such tributes as the following:

I received *A Modern Martyr* a week ago, and must say that after I had read the beginning I could not lay it down until I had read also the middle and the end.

During our retreat, I read your life of Blessed Theophane. I found it so fascinating that I passed it on to other priests. I intend to have the Sister in our highest grade read it to her children this year.

Words cannot express my appreciation of *A Modern Martyr*. I never knew of foreign missions before, and until this book was given me by Fr. B. was entirely ignorant of the sacrifices that are being made during the present time for our Faith. I have given the book to a friend and will endeavor to interest as many others as possible.

A Modern Martyr is one of the most beautiful, stirring, and edifying books I have ever read. It should be in all seminaries, and above all in the hands of every priest. Theophane Vénard is a saint we can imitate, a child of our own times, from that beautiful country which has given so many martyrs to the Church.

More than one vocation to the priesthood has been discovered through the reading of this biography.



Chips From

The Pioneer's Log. (Fr. Superior's Knolligram.)

WE reached Chenting-fu towards four o'clock, and as the train sped away from us I began to realize that I was getting at the heart of China. Outside the station there were several men waiting for passengers, but they were not chauffeurs, nor hack-drivers, nor even rickshaw pullers. Each was as proud of his equipment as if it had been a New York limousine, yet the equipment was the two-wheeled springless covered cart that is well-known to every Bishop and priest travelling in China. I felt like walking, as I looked at the roadless expanse of humps leading to the walled city about a mile distant. Off we journeyed, behind a little donkey whose driver let us down gently into the holes by the simple pressure of his hand on the donkey's back. We reached the city wall in about twenty minutes, but we had to travel another half mile before we arrived at the gate.

As we entered, I awoke to a realization that Chenting-fu is really a thousand years old. There were Chinese innumerable, with noise and mud enough to satisfy them all. We fell into a line of carts, wheeled around the enclosure, that looked now like a dungeon with its massive walls, and passed through a flooded area to the inner gate. Then we bumped along the main street—an unpaved alley about fourteen feet wide—until we could go no further, when we crawled out and walked away from the squalid houses into open fields that revealed the size of Chenting-fu with its eight miles of surrounding wall.

The Bishop pointed to a corner of the city wall, with the announcement that there was the Cathedral. Two towers, massive and dignified, crown the large well-proportioned church, which will accommodate more than a thousand persons. It is the work of a Lazarist Brother. The Cathedral is

solid, simply furnished, and, as usual in the north at this season, cold—but the faith of good priests, of holy virgins, of redeemed orphans, and of a simple people, keeps it warm enough to satisfy those who worship within its gray walls.

Bishop de Vienne is not much above forty. He is small of stature and thin, but his ideas are large, and I found at Chenting-fu an organization that surprised me. There were six or seven nationalities represented among the priests, and one could quickly sense an ideal community spirit, with the Bishop presiding as a necessary "first among equals." This was especially noticeable at recreation, which was taken in a quaint Chinese house used on several occasions by the Emperor of China and deeded to the mission along with the land as indemnity for Boxer outrages. Like all other buildings here, this house rests on the ground and is floored with rough stones. Arm chairs are strung along on either side, and at the end of the two files is the Mandarin Lounge, where the Bishop places his mandarin guests with himself. The Bishop evidently considered me as good as the average mandarin, and I squatted on the throne as if I belonged there.

We began our visit of the compound at about eight-thirty the next morning, and it occupied the entire forenoon. There is hardly a phase of Catholic activity that is not exemplified in that walled corner of the walled city of Chenting-fu. Abandoned waifs, orphans, and outside pupils; old people; the blind; deaf-mutes; imbeciles; catechumens; the sick in the hospital or at the dispensary; work rooms where cloth, lace, and embroidery are produced—these are some of the activities at Chenting-fu.

The Sisters of Charity are here, happy in their work and in these restricted surroundings which might pall

on the many but are to these devoted souls their little world. The Sisters know of Maryknoll through THE FIELD AFAR, but especially through the interest taken by one of their number, who has recently been transferred to another station. This Sister is a member of a well-known English family, but she found real happiness at Chenting-fu, nursing the scores of repulsive-looking people and bearing patiently the difficult weather conditions and the thousand other trials incidental to mission life.

The Sisters try to keep up their establishment by gifts from friends and by the sale of embroidery, so as to leave the Bishop free to expand his diocesan work, and they succeed to a considerable extent, because their faith in God's Providence is strong and because economy is their constant watchword. I found here imbecile children picking over old cotton linings so that the good portions could be mixed with new cotton and so become serviceable. Blind women and children were engaged at the spinning-wheels, and about the only drones in the hive were some old men who had been picked up from the dumps, unable to even beg. I learned, too, that almost everything that appears on the table is raised in the compound—poultry, vegetables, milk for the infants, butter as a rare delicacy, rice, potatoes, and altar wine.

I am certain that I have not mentioned all of the varied works under the care of these Sisters of Charity, who number fourteen, including four Chinese nuns.

There is here also a novitiate for the Josephines, a community of women exclusively Chinese, whose spirit of poverty is deeply marked and whose labors in the outlying districts are very successful. No less than one-hundred-thirty of these good women are already enlisted in the vicariate.

We looked into the School of Languages and European Sciences, which sixty boys attend; paid a visit to the seminary, which has twenty young men in Philosophy or Theology; caught a glimpse of the Industrial School for orphan boys, where we saw an altar in construction; saw some of the Chinese Brothers—the Paulists, who number forty-six—engaged in manual labor; and visited the preparatory school, a couple of miles away. The professors of this school are three priests, a Hollander and two Chinese. The boys number one-hundred-twelve and are a bright-looking lot. On the way to this institution the Bishop pointed out a large tract of land covering several acres, for which he had paid twenty dollars a few years ago. This has already advanced con-

siderably in value and the planting of trees, in this region where timber is scarce, will enable the next generation to profit considerably by this investment of a few dollars.

The report of spiritual fruit in this vicariate is unusually good, the more so as the Bishop holds out no material advantages, such as the support of catechumens and the like. His mission has about 65,000 Christians. Last year there were baptized:

2,220 children of Christian parents.

946 adults.

50 adults at point of death.

20,072 pagan infants at point of death.

Communions of devotion during the year were 376,082.

On the train from Chenting-fu to Hankow I found that the steward of the dining-car was a Catholic, with a good command of French. He had noticed me with the Bishop, and when later I told him not to bring meat he smiled his recognition and told me all about himself. More than this—when he presented his bill he did so with hesitation, and remarked that it must cost money to travel so far and that he would be glad to pay for my meal himself. I record this as the first experience of the kind that I have met in many years of train travel. I thanked the good Chinaman and told him that an old friend had given me more than enough to meet the necessary expenses. Later he kept me informed of happenings—the passing during the night of car-loads of northern soldiers for the battle going on in the province of Hupeh, and other

minor events, including an engine wreck that kept us stalled in some rice fields for no less than seven hours.

After a day and a night I reached the principal Catholic church, one of three in Hankow proper. I ran into an American priest as I entered the house. He was a Franciscan who had been sent over to help his brethren by teaching English. He, too, had arrived the night before, after a journey of five hundred miles that took about three weeks, most of which time was spent in a small river boat.

As I vested for Mass, a blue-casocked server deftly put a Chinese mitre on my head. I immediately removed it, to the consternation of the boy, who had one of the same kind, though not quite so elaborately embroidered, on his own little cranium. He made appealing gestures, as if to tell me that I could not say Mass validly without the hat. Just then a priest came in and settled the difficulty by assuring me that it was the custom, even for visitors—and I bowed to the mitre. This hat is worn through Mass, even during the Elevation, and I understand that it was introduced some years ago in deference to mandarins and other notables, who were shocked to find Catholic priests so lacking in respect as to conduct their services bare-headed. In China the hat's the thing, even in church.

Before the morning sun had risen high, Fr. Sylvester Espelage came over



MAKING RICE FLOUR WITH THE SCRIPTURAL MILL-STONE.

the river from Wuchang, and I was particularly glad to see him. Fr. Espelage is an American Franciscan, one of the few who have left the United States for China. He visited Maryknoll a few years ago, and has been for many years a valued friend.

Bishops and priests have been invariably kind over here and I hope never to forget their brotherly attention. Fr. Espelage gave me much time during my few days stay at and near Hankow. He had with him an American Brother, who helps as English instructor in the college which Fr. Espelage is building up, and we four natives of the United States went out for an inspection of Chinese Hankow. Its streets were narrow and picturesque, and apparently filled with unoccupied thousands who enjoyed the sight of the "foreign gentlemen," as white people are called by those Chinese who do not prefer the term, "foreign devils."

Dinner with the priests of Hankow revealed another Catholic group, including at least four nationalities, Italian predominating. Conversation was carried on in English, French, Italian, Latin, and Chinese. Italian and Latin seem to be the ordinary languages of the house and Fr. Wang, a genial Chinese priest with a keen eye and a merry laugh, could speak both languages very fluently.

Early that afternoon we went down to the ferry, to cross to Wuchang. Hankow is sometimes called the Chicago of China, but it is known among the Chinese themselves as "the collecting place of nine provinces." We found the river full of steamers and junks, but our little boat was speedy, and in about twenty minutes we were on the other side of the great Yangtze and settled in rickshaws for an inspection of a city as unattractive as it is malodorous.

We turned into a maze of alleys, rocking over rough pavements until we reached the old city wall, alongside of which, in a prison since destroyed, had been confined Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, who was martyred in this city with Blessed Clet in 1840. Fr. Perboyre was a Lazarist, whose physical sufferings and death bore a striking resemblance to those of Our Divine Lord. A little further along we came to an open space where, on a slight hillock, we found the place where Blessed Perboyre was executed. The spot is still used for executions. A few huts were near by, and we drew from these a curious group. On the ground were several coffins, and we were assured that these contained bodies, which, steeped in lime, were awaiting the lucky day when relatives or friends could afford to bury them.

Before reaching the Bishop's residence we turned into a Buddhist pagoda. We found ourselves in an extensive establishment and were fortunate enough to arrive just as the bonzes were conducting their exercises. They were grouped about an altar, before which candles were burning and above which was a statue of Buddha, the impassive one. The heads of all the monks were shaven



WHERE BL. GABRIEL PERBOYRE WAS MARTYRED.

(Fr. Espelage in center.)

and they were vested in tunics. They were rattling off Chinese at a very rapid pace, to the accompaniment of a tapping instrument which was almost perfectly mechanical. At the close of the exercises one of the bonzes remained, and Fr. Espelage at once put some questions to him—in excellent Chinese. We learned that some of these monks are single, others married. Some are poor, others well-to-do. Most of them understand very little of the prayers which they recite daily. In the rear of the temple is the monastery, a large room surrounded with sleeping benches. Outside are spacious gardens, cultivated by or under the direction of the bonzes.

Bishop Gennaro was working on the plan of an altar as we entered his room in the large rambling two-story house that means home to himself, to Fr. Espelage, and to the seminary professors. The Bishop was gracious and simple, and I accepted gladly his invitation to stay a day longer than planned.

The priests whom I met at dinner are like all the missionaries I have met so far, a bright, thoughtful set of men. Most of them are Italians, but one was a dear old Chinese priest, Fr. Francis Xavier Tch'en, who made his course in Italy, where later he had been a professor. His face beamed with kindness and intelligence.

On Monday, with Fr. Espelage as guide, I visited a new convent where a community of Chinese virgins, who until recently had lived each in her own house, was being formally in-

augurated by the Bishop. After the ceremony we met these Chinese nuns, and the impression I carried away was that of a very happy community, who could combine a sense of humor with serious work.

Later Fr. Espelage took me to a forum where a young Chinese orator was talking on the various resources of this great country. Such orators are many, and are in the service of the Government. If all audiences are to be judged by that which we saw, it will take a long time to impress the Chinese with new ideas.

I have seen at close range very little Protestant mission enterprise since I came to the Far East, although I know that it is extensive, and that no less than twenty millions of dollars are expended yearly to make it a success.

In Hankow I looked into Boone College, which is under the American Episcopalians. Fr. Espelage was with me and the Director took us through the Divinity School and over the grounds. The atmosphere was that of a well-kept private college in America, with a grouping of excellent buildings—dormitories, recitation halls, laboratory, library, assembly-room, gymnasium—ball-field, flower-bordered paths and lawns.

This institution from a material point of view makes the school over which Fr. Espelage presides look small and poorly-equipped. Fr. Espelage has one-hundred-twenty pupils and his college, which is making rapid strides, is recognized by the Government and is beginning to attract the attention of pagan parents as well as of those Christians who can afford to educate their sons. But Fr. Espelage has too much work to do and he should get sufficient men and means from his home country. English-speaking teachers are needed, and Franciscans in the United States are in a position to advance this important college to a high place among the educational centers of China. Too

Today the hour has struck for the gathering of the harvest that has been ripening through the centuries, and especially during the last two decades. Never was there a time in the history of China when hopes have so quickly blossomed in hundreds of thousands of converts from paganism. In fifteen years the number of baptized Catholics has doubled—the 700,000 have increased to 1,800,000.—Rev. John J. Dunn.

many Catholic mission enterprises lack support and fail to develop because their needs are not properly impressed on the stay-at-homes. The push that this young college needs should be given it without delay.

The students at Boone College pay for tuition and board, but scholarships provide for the poorer ones. The roster is over three hundred. A large band composed of students was at rehearsal on one of the lawns, and I am sure that their proficiency must have brought a shade of green into the eyes of Fr. Sylvester, who has been at his wit's end to scrape up some money to form a similar organization at his school.

Another Protestant institution at Wuchang is St. Hilda's School for

for such unfortunates. Occasionally he imagines that he is the Bishop, and imparts pontifical blessings, but that does not seem to get on the nerves of those who see him daily and I cannot but admire the charity of those who provide for such unfortunates. Every mission orphanage has its share of idiots, some of them once-abandoned waifs who have been brought up and will remain until death under the protection of other Christs and other Marys, who so nobly represent their Master in these remote fields.

On Wednesday I went to Hankow, where my most profitable visit was to the house of the Canossian Daughters of Charity. These Sisters were

are handicapped for lack of native born English-speaking teachers and would gladly welcome a few years of service from a capable and well-recommended American Catholic woman—an excellent opportunity for some good soul who is not afraid of a long ocean voyage and a far-away home.

The next day I saw in operation a typical mission dispensary. Fully a hundred people—men, women and children—were at the dispensary door when I went again to the hospital. Inside were six young Chinamen, all in long white tires with sleeves rolled up ready for the fray. At a signal the patients were speedily classified, and treatment according to the nature of the complaint was administered by the Sisters or their Chinese attendants. The medicine bill must run up to a heavy figure, but no one is turned away.

Shortly before my departure that afternoon I went over to the Canossian Sisters again, and was rewarded with a collection of excellent photographs and a deeper insight into the fine spirit of the Italian community, which should be known in our own country.

As the Superioress and her assistant accompanied me to the door we found in the corridor two hampers, over which two elderly Chinese women attendants were watching. The Superioress asked a few questions, and, lifting the cloth from one of the baskets, disclosed three tiny infants, remarking to me as she did so that they had been brought in while we were talking. A fourth was in the second basket, and the Sisters lifted each little bundle of humanity out to get a light on its little face. They were, as usual, all girls. Two were weaklings and two seemed strong. The Sister was prepared to place out immediately with nursing mothers two, who should first, however, be baptized, and then and there, on her request, I baptized both—one Mary, the other Ann.

Two-thousand-two-hundred-fifty of these little ones have been left at the door of the Canossian Sisters in Hankow this year. A large number have gone to God, the others are in the care of respectable women—Christians and pagans—who come every month to make their report and to receive their meagre pay—a few cents. When between two and three years old, these waifs will join the happy groups of orphans whom I had seen the day before.

The Sisters, who live daily from hand to mouth, with faith in God's bounty and the charity of Jesus Christ



BP. REYNAUD OF CHE-KIANG WITH HIS SEMINARISTS.

Girls, which is an offshoot of Boone College. This school occupies one large building and several smaller houses. It is well-built, but quite simple in its furnishings. One of the principal attractions of both of these schools is the opportunity they offer to study under English-speaking teachers. We were very kindly received at both establishments, and at St. Hilda's discovered that one of the professors had recently visited Maryknoll in company with a Catholic friend.

On our return to the Bishop's house I noticed in the corridor an insane man, whom I had remarked before about the premises. I learned that he is harmless, and is allowed to live within the church precincts because here in China there are no asylums

founded a little more than 100 years ago by a titled Italian lady of Canossa.

I had seen a few of them in Wuchang, but only for a moment. Their work, like that of the Sisters of Charity in Peking and Chenting-fu, seemed endless in its variety and remarkable in achievement. It included an orphanage, a "Holy Infancy," a hospital, schools for the poor, a catechumenate, an English school for well-to-do Chinese girls, a boarding-school for European girls, a European hospital, a Chinese hospital, and a dispensary. Nearly all of these works are on a considerable scale and the Sisters are struggling hard with their small force to keep them up, although since the beginning of the war they have received no recruits from Italy. In both of the English schools they

in their hearts, accept joyfully the added burdens of each day, glad in the reflection that they themselves are instrumental in the regeneration of so many souls, begotten or abandoned in sin and made fit for Heaven.

That night I took a boat for Shanghai. Five of the priests walked down to the dock with me, and as I parted with them I felt that I was the better for my stay among the Franciscans at Hankow.

My steamer was an English one, spacious and well-arranged. There were two classes, white and Chinese, and in the white class there were only three passengers—all men—so that I found myself for all practical purposes in a first-class private yacht. The Chinese below were never visible from the upper deck, but when occasionally I passed their quarters it seemed as if they numbered hundreds. There was also much freight, cotton especially, which in huge bales had been carried into the holds on the backs of a swarm of coolies.

The captain and my two fellow-passengers were British—two Scotch and one English—and we four made a cozy family. One of the Scotchmen paid a high tribute to the Sisters' hospital at Hankow, where he had experienced "care that could not have been better."

The next morning we made a long stop at Kiu-kiang, which gave me a much desired opportunity to visit the Cathedral and also to meet two English-speaking Sisters of Charity at the hospital. Bishop Fatiguet, a Lazarist, was away but his procurator received me cordially and brought me to the Seminary, where I found among the professors marked and sympathetic interest in America's new venture.

Sister Vincent McCarthy, who is Superior at the hospital, is a native of Cork, Ireland, and has been long years in China. The other English-speaking Sister has been there over twenty years and belongs to one of the best known families of England. At their request we visited the orphanage, where I found again work-rooms, schools, catechumenate, hospital, and dispensary, under the direction of Sisters of Charity.

"OUR MISSIONARY LIFE IN INDIA"

By

REV. JOSEPH CARROLL, O.S.F.C.
Miss. Ap., Allahabad, India
8vo., 460 pp. Postpaid, 75 cents.

On one of the mountains above Kiu-kiang is a well-known summer resort—Kuling—to which more than twelve hundred whites go yearly to get away from the summer heat. A great section of the summer community is made up of Protestant missionaries and their families, who, I understand, practically "shut up shop" in the summer. This summer exodus of ministers to Kuling and elsewhere is much commented on in the Far East, but the average minister must look out for the health of his family,



EENY, MEENY, AND MINY-MO.

and if his flock can be provided for his point of view can be appreciated. The strongest criticism comes from the fact that provision is not always made to replace the absent shepherd.

I asked an old Sister of Charity why her Order did not provide in the hills a sanatorium for those members of the community who needed toning up, and she looked at me aghast. I insisted, however, that it was the sensible thing to do, and her only reply was, "What would people think of us?" I suggested then that the Sisters should provide in some healthful spot a sanatorium for the laity, reserving a few rooms for the needs of their own invalids, but I fear that I spoke in vain—if, in fact, I did not shock again. I believe that some missionary priests have a house at Kuling, but I did not get full data on this.

Towards noon, on Saturday, No-

vember 24, we passed along the quays of Shanghai, whose long line of modern buildings marks this city as the New York of China.

As I stood at the rail with a companion, a layman on the wharf was apparently trying to attract our attention. After some moments I discovered that my humble self, as a Chinaman might say and not think, was the object signalled. The signaller was Mr. Carroll, the Irishman, who, at Kobe in Japan, had pulled me out of a tight fix. He had come down to give me "a hundred thousand welcomes"—and before I left Shanghai he had practically succeeded.

The Fathers of the Paris Seminary Procure were also at the wharf, and before long I was on my way to Route Père Robert, a fine avenue named after one of Maryknoll's good friends who for many years was a resident of Shanghai. I had not met a priest of the Paris Society since leaving Mukden, and although I had received much kindness from the Lazarists and Franciscans I found myself especially at home in the Paris Society's Procure.

The house is commodious and the grounds extensive and attractive. Fr. Sallou is in charge, with Fr. Jere as assistant. These priests arrange for the needs of the several missions entrusted to their Society, administer the Society's funds and investments, and edit a daily paper, *L'Echo de Chine*.

At the table, at the mid-day meal, I found a French soldier, who turned out to be a missionary from Yunnan on garrison duty at Shanghai. Fr. Jere also is obliged to put on his soldier's uniform periodically and present himself for service at the barracks.

Sunday morning Fr. Jere took me out for my first inspection of Shanghai. It was hard to realize that we were in China as we entered broad thoroughfares lined with attractive residences such as one might find in any large city of America.

Our first visit was to St. Mary's Hospital, a few minutes away on the Route Père Robert. The grounds are large and the buildings, though recent, already numerous and well-equipped. Sister Xavier O'Sullivan is here, an Irish nun who has labored many years in China and noted great changes in her day. I did not see her on this occasion, as she had been on duty during the night and was taking a well-earned rest, but Sister Gertrude, also English-speaking, was in active service and glad to meet an American priest. We found also at the hospital a priest from Korea who had passed through Nagasaki just before my arrival there. He looked



THIS AGED CATECHIST HAS CONVERTED AN ENTIRE ISLAND.

very ill and I could not but regret that he had to come so long a distance before getting the care that he needed, but there are no Catholic hospitals in Korea or Japan.

After leaving the hospital we visited Aurora University. This, too, is new—an off-shoot of the Jesuit establishment at Sicawei—and it marks an important step by Catholics in the direction of higher education. The University grounds are ample and the few buildings already erected are of a permanent kind. Courses have been begun and students from several sections of the province occupy the first dormitory. Of these students some are pagan. The Christians have their own separate quarters but mingle with pagan students at recreation. The Aurora is within the limits of the French Concessions and the language generally used in the school is French. Several with whom I spoke at Shanghai are of the opinion that the Aurora will develop more rapidly if it introduces more largely the English language as a vehicle of teaching.

This language question is difficult. The Chinese have much to learn and are anxious to learn from other nations. Text-books, however, are not to be found in their own language and technical terms are practically impossible to translate, so that some modern language is necessary in the education of Chinese students. Which should it be? In some subjects English would be most practical, in others some of the Continental languages. Which of the languages foreign to China is for all practical purposes the best today, and which will be the longer needed before China can stand alone?

This is the question, and the Catholic missionary should view it with absolute impartiality. It is easier to continue the use of one's tongue and it is pleasant to feel that the foreigner can speak it. Patriotism also suggests the

desirability of making one's tongue familiar to others, but in spreading the Word of God no one of these considerations will influence the true Catholic.

The Fathers at the Aurora were most courteous and I was sorry to have seen so little of them, but we were headed for St. Joseph's, where Bishop Paris resides, and the morning was advancing. Our electric car arrived just as the congregation was leaving the church. I ran into Mr. C. with a group of young men—American, English, and Irish—and the complexion of the entire congregation impressed me with the idea that I was not in China at all but in some English-speaking country. I learned during the day that at Shanghai there are fully a thousand English-speaking Catholics, without counting the Portuguese, all of whom speak English.

Fr. Kennelly, S.J., of Sicawei, outside of the city, preaches at St. Joseph's in English every other Sunday, but every English-speaking Catholic whom I met deplored the lack of some English-speaking priest or priests to guard more closely and to enter more fully into the life of the English-speaking Catholic body in Shanghai. Strangely enough, Protestants spoke to me on the subject in favor of their Catholic friends, and even the American Consul made allusion to this special need.

I had promised Mr. Carroll to take a cup of tea with him at his bachelor home that afternoon, when I should meet a few of his friends. I found him surrounded with about two score of men. England, Ireland, Australia, Canada, the United States—in fact, about every English-speaking country of which I knew—were represented in that circle, which included three converts. I had expected three or four, and here was a genuine assembly.

I had to address some words of encouragement to them, and did so, I trust with no unfortunate results. A difficulty arose later when they proposed holding a reception. As far as I could figure out I was then attending a reception of a fair proportion of the English-speaking residents of Shanghai, and I doubted the need or the wisdom of anything more formal; but my friends insisted so strongly that I finally agreed, on condition that the idea and the place would be acceptable to Bishop Paris.

That afternoon's meeting was a revelation of strong faith and good Catholic hearts, and I enjoyed it.

You can help us to train a priest for the Apostolate. Look at the Burse List on page 63.

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This means no immediate profit to us, but we are anxious to spread such literature—"and all things else will be added!"

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"Old John, you have served me faithfully and well. I am going to reward you with a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR."

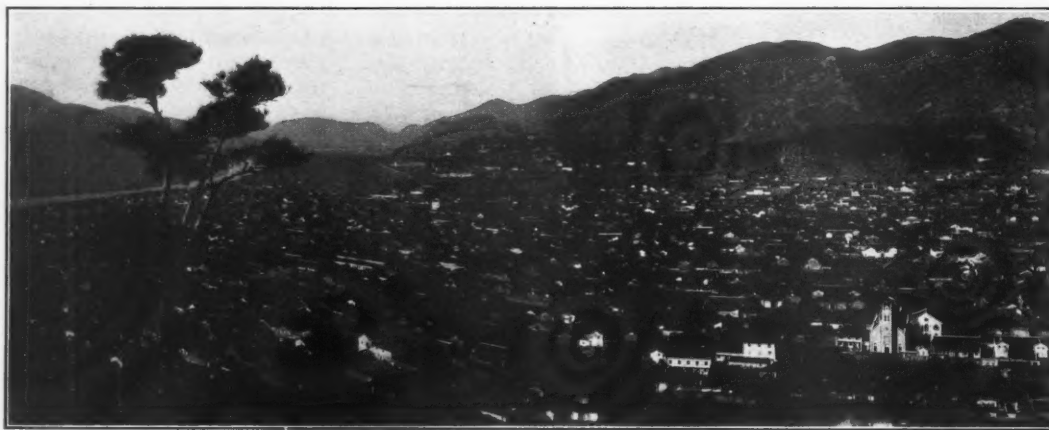
Crocodile tears of joy welled up in the old henchman's eyes, while shudders of disappointment welled down his spine.

"Well, well," he ruminated, shuffling from one cork leg to the other, "is that all I'm going to get for a life of devotion?"

Needless to say, old John had never seen a copy of THE FIELD AFAR. He thought it was an agricultural journal.

Years later, he used to tell this story to his grandchildren when they were home from the Vénard on vacation. It always made a great hit with the natives.

FATHER FRASER AND MARYKNOLL.



P A N O R A M A O F T A I C H O W - F U .

PERHAPS among the foreign missionaries who have found their way into the hearts (and pockets) of American Catholics none is better known than *Fr. Fraser*. We are certain, therefore, that many FIELD AFAR readers will be glad to learn that *Fr. Fraser* will return with the Maryknoll Superior to render special services to our young Society.

Fr. John Marie Fraser is a native of Toronto, Canada, where his family still resides. He made his preliminary studies at St. Michael's College in that city and his seminary course in Italy, at Genoa. His vocation to the missions of China showed itself at an early period in his career and shortly after his ordination he went to Che-kiang, where for the past fifteen years he has labored very successfully as a secular priest among the Lazarist Fathers of that vicariate.

While yet an assistant at Ningpo, going out periodically on poor missions, *Fr. Fraser* built a church and a missionary's house. This gave him the idea of extending a necessary work and, with the encouragement of his Bishop,

he came to the United States in 1910 to secure funds and friends.

He was so successful that when he returned to Bishop Reynaud he was entrusted with an important prefecture, called *Taichow-fu*, where he has since erected five churches and made an addition to the central establishment.

Fr. Fraser's service to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America means a sacrifice for the mission of East Che-kiang, but Bishop Reynaud is glad to feel that he can thus help Maryknoll.

The photographs appearing on the next page give an idea of *Fr. Fraser's* church building. These churches accommodate from 300 to 700 persons each, and, though solidly built in brick, have cost on an average less than \$1,500. One was designed by *Fr. Fraser* himself; another was built from a small wooden model loaned by the Bishop; a third from plans supplied by Jesuit missionaries; a fourth from a drawing, also furnished by the Bishop; and a fifth from a photograph of St. Thomas' Church, Philadelphia.

Labor costs now fifteen cents a day for every toiler or artisan, masons and carpenters receiving

the same wage as the carrier of dirt.



FR. FRASER AND THE INFANT.

We learn that all the new churches were blessed during the last two weeks of January.

Fr. Fraser joined our Superior at Hong-kong for an inspection of the Kwang-tung mission-fields and will return with him across the Pacific.

Fr. Fraser's experience in China and his knowledge of that country and its people will undoubtedly be of great value to our aspirant apostles.

All at Maryknoll look forward with pleasure to their association with so zealous and devoted a missionary.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." The following, reproduced from THE FIELD AFAR of April, 1912, will interest our readers:

A dollar bill came into our possession, some time ago, to be given to the first missionary leaving our Seminary for China. Fr. Fraser, of Ningpo, who was visiting our little retreat when the gift arrived, claimed it, and we gave him the benefit of the doubt, though we still believe the offering was intended for our own first alumnus—who will he be?—destined for the Chinese mission. We are minus the dollar but have also been relieved of a responsibility; and we do not know whether to be sad or to rejoice.

A southern reader of the FIELD AFAR sends us the following extract from a letter written to him by a missionary in the Far East:

Fr. Walsh, the genial editor of THE FIELD AFAR, paid us a very pleasant visit, passing through here in November on his trip through China, the object of which was to look over the ground for his American missionaries whom he hopes to send to the foreign fields. This new Society is bound to grow and do much good for the mission cause and bring down many blessings from above on the United States. It seems probable that the first band of missionaries will land somewhere in the Province of Canton. The Foreign Missions of Paris have been much depleted by the War and it looks as if their field will be the lucky one to get first aid from America. They need help. Incidentally, one may remark that most of the Chinese in America are Cantonese and so they can more easily keep in touch with the missionaries on both sides of the Pacific.

The Field

THE Mission Mail-Bag has produced, since our last issue, the following:

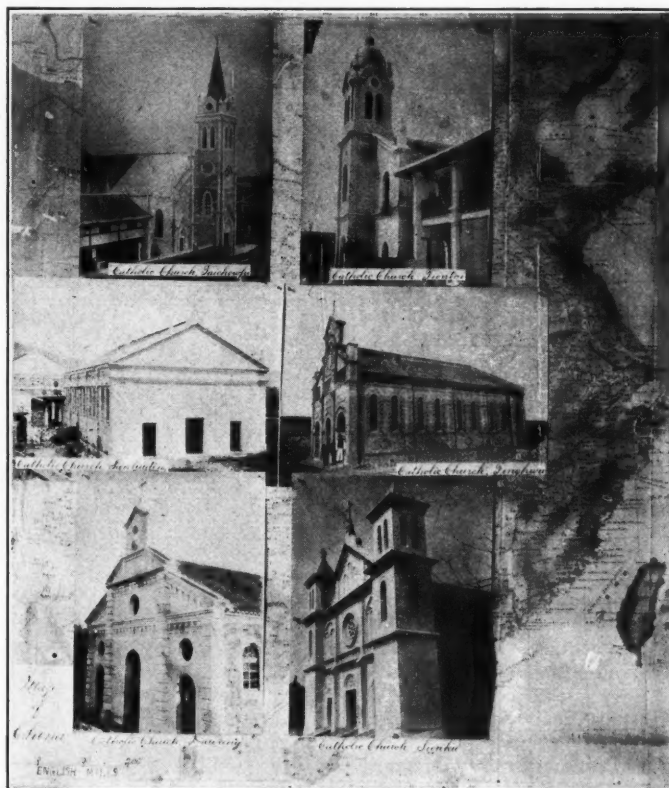
AFRICA—Letter and photographs, Fr. Kerkhoff, Nagalama; letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Willemen, Nagongera; letter, Fr. Renckens, Luala.
CHINA—Letter, Fr. Teng, Chang-Shu; letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Casucelli, Hantchongfu.
INDIA—Letters, Bp. Eestermans, Lahore; Fr. Stephen, Trichur.
JAPAN—Letter and promise of two Masses, Fr. Heinrich, Tokyo.
PHILIPPINES—Letter and promise of Mass, Fr. DeSamber, Benguet.

A missionary who deserves to

find a silver lining in all his clouds is Fr. José Hinterhuber. He writes:

Your FIELD AFAR is certainly the ideal of the missionary spirit—always full of fun even when short of many a necessary dollar. I have told some of the Fathers about your "lots of fun" and they want it, too. They will say a Mass for your work and its benefactors.

I have at last opened my parochial school. I have two-hundred-fifty children. In the public school, which is a fine concrete building, they have but fifty. The start is made, the opening is dared—I hope and pray that I may keep it going. My school is my church also, for what else could I use? I have no home but a hut myself, and the roof of that leaks badly, but I see also "lots of fun" in it.



F R . F R A S E R ' S C H U R C H E S .

The Latest from the Knoll.

FATHER Superior is expected home about the first of May, and his return will be followed by the departure of "The First."

The expectation of soon engaging in that work for which they have been many years preparing has naturally rippled the usually placid surface of life at Maryknoll with many little waves of excitement. Something is in the air, and even Collie has not failed to sense the presence of a new being, a "Maryknoll Afar." This spirit is one of happy anticipation,

*A feeling of gladness and longing,
Not the least akin to pain;
That resembles sorrow only,
As the sunlight does the rain,*

and the fortunate student in the upper classes are piously envied by those in the lower, who must remain at home for many moons to come. 'Tis not that they love Maryknoll less, but that they love the pagans more, and are very, very eager to be about their Father's business.

This eagerness has shown itself in rather unexpected ways. For instance:

Several wealthy visitors in the past few weeks have been observed to turn pale and leave suddenly, escaping with all their money.

Deeply alarmed, we started an inquiry.

Investigation disclosed that a consuming desire to follow Father Superior to China had inspired several of his sons at the Knoll to acquire the essential Chinese and whiskers without delay.

Accordingly, our visitors would stumble upon what appeared to be raving maniacs, intoning the halves of laundry tickets or deeply engrossed in a cross-eyed search for stubble on the downs forinist the chin.



THE TALE OF OUR ANTI-COAL PILE.

Far from having alienated the affections of their intellects, these doughty Knollers were but manifesting their eagerness to enter the field apostolic well equipped with the indispensables—Chinese and Whiskers.

Everyone knows the Chinese don't talk with chopsticks, but very few understand the need for whiskers on a foreign missionary. Whiskers are a strange prepossession. A man without them doesn't want them—while he who has 'em is proudly embarrassed. They must be a great aid to memory, for stroking them always brings a far-away look to the eyes.

(Just here, while looking out of the window for an appropriate word, we saw a black piggie out of bounds, running as if a cake of Life Buoy were after him. Suddenly he hesitated and turned white before our eyes. Marveling, we polished our glass eyes and looked again. 'Twas in a mortar bed he had spilled himself. Now it is just such distractions as this, that—)

But, to get back to those whiskers. "Why do missionaries wear them?" Many such inquiries have reached us. To tell the truth, we think it's because they can't get anyone else to carry them instead.

When we asked Padre Julio (who has a heavenly set, unearthed in Borneo) he said: "For the same reason as a rooster crows. They keep people from thinking he's a hen, and besides they lend a great reputation for dignity, sobriety, and useful knowledge."

Whiskers are all right in their place, but they often have a hard time getting there—judging by some Maryknollers, at least.

JUST DE BRETENIÈRES

(Bret-on-yair)

The life of this 19th century martyr sells for sixty cents, postpaid.

Address: The Field Afar
Ossining New York

A RECENT addition to our young Society has been made in the person of the Rev. Patrick W. Browne, of Newfoundland.

Fr. Browne, after making his preparatory studies at St. Bonaventure's in St. John's, studied philosophy at Propaganda in Rome. His theological course was completed at Laval University, Quebec.

Though his parochial duties were arduous, Fr. Browne nevertheless found time to devote to study. He is the author of a history of Labrador—*Where the Fishers Go*—and has contributed articles to *The Catholic World*, *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and other reviews. For some years he was professor of history and English at the University of Ottawa.

Being an alumnus of Propaganda, Fr. Browne has naturally taken a deep interest in propaganda work and foreign missions. This inspired him to offer his services to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and in 1916 he joined the staff of the Vénard School as teacher of history and French.

Last summer Fr. Browne came to Maryknoll, to fill the double rôle of procurator and professor of science. At the close of the first term, having decided to offer his life service to our work, with the kind permission of his Ordinary, the Rt. Rev. John March, D.D., Bishop of Harbor Grace, N. F., Fr. Browne applied for admission into the Society.

Within the last year we have enrolled also from Newfoundland an aspirant to the missionary priesthood, now making his preparatory studies at the Vénard. Moreover, letters of interest and inquiry from other would-be Theophanes of that colonial land seem to indicate that it will have growing representation at Maryknoll in years to come. No more eloquent tribute could be paid to

the strength of Newfoundland's Catholicity—no more infallible guarantee could be given of the development of that strength.

The contest over the naming of our Bolshevik houn' dawg has attracted deep interest on the part of those deeply interested. Several opprobrious "dubs" have been offered, apparently without the least regard for the feelings of the poor infant doggie. "Call him Trotsky," writes one reader, "and he'll trot." "If he's a good barker, make him Teddy R.," suggests another. "Wait till the seventeenth and name him Paddy," sounded appropriate to the Judges, till some one proposed "Cash."

CASH.

Not Tige nor Rover, Spot nor Dash,
Is proper title for your pup.

Oh, School of Friendly Giving-up,
The guardian of your door is Cash.

Let Collie after lost sheep flash,
And Kitty guard the cupboard's store;

But when the wolf howls at your door,
The hound to hunt him off is Cash.

If mongrel duns with snarling rash
Attack you working far afield,
Your courage then will be well heeled,

When all your steps are dogged by Cash.

Let not this name your heart abash;
That pup will know "His Master's Voice,"

And Knollward rush—he'll have no choice—

Whenever you will whisper "Cash!"

When needs and means in combat clash,

And worry comes o'er meeting ends,
You will but light your calabash,
And smile and murmur, "Cash, come Cash!"

(Boston, Mass.)

"How extremely vicissitudinous are these ephemeral atmospheric mutations!" opined one of the Bostonese at the Knoll. When the subsequent fog had lifted, we agreed that the weather was indeed erratic—midsummer

one day and midwinter the next. Yet the sunny days predominate, spring is the prevalent mood, and Maryknoll is steadily acquiring her bright new Easter suit.

The prune trees have all been carefully pruned. The lawns, the incubators, and the spring hams have been rolled, lighted, and smoked—no coffin nails—and a plentiful supply of sulphur and molasses is on hand to regale those who may have fever of the spring. Nobody has. If he did, he would be run over, for things are hustling right along at Maryknoll.

Brother Farmer, the biggest man on the place since hypnotized by Hoover, has marshalled forces for a big offensive on Mother Earth. Every morn his brave lieutenants, on mules, sally forth to the fray, with plow, rake, determination, overalls and old blisters. Every eve they sally back with the same plow, less rake, more determination, worse overalls, and fresh blisters.

During manual labor hour, their efforts are seconded by squads of the students, eager to clinch their classroom course in agriculture with a practical knowledge of farming.

The dominant note of all these husbandmen is one of grubbing optimism. Their mood is inspiring, and we are confidently planning our summer menus. Their optimism is also infectious. The Teresians have besieged Fr. Procurator with pleas for plots, and seedful supplications. What they really want to raise is a mystery. We have a sneaking idea they think there is a caramel plant, or that bird seed will produce fine

canaries. One, in a burst of patriotism, disclosed that they're going to have red beets, white currants, and blue berries; another wants sweet peas and capri corn; while a third, evidently a stranger to agriculture and kitchens, hopes devoutly they will plant a boiled-onion tree.

Pause for a moment, dear rural reader, and meditate on the trials of our Procurator.

N. B. *Extra*.—Fr. Procurator stopped the press to announce the arrival at the Maryknoll farm of twenty-two new piglets and two infant cows.

He would like some kind reader to supply the requisite twenty-four names for these toddling tidbits ere they reach the age of treason, when their best friend will cut them down and up.

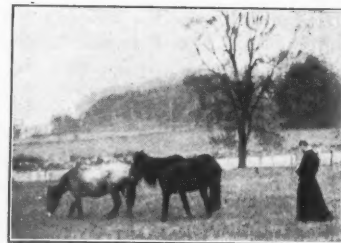
The auxiliary-brothers of Maryknoll are an unusual lot. They can think out more schemes in a week than we could carry out in a hundred years. Here are some suggestions presented by one of them for the benefit of his Superior and, incidentally, for the benefit of our readers.

In the spring and fall a great many people move. A lot of junk is left in the old residence, and a lot more is carried from the store-rooms of the old residences to the store-rooms of the new. On farms worn-out iron farming implements are left in the fields to rust. All this could be sold to the junkman and provide revenue for the missions.

In most homes magazines and newspapers are thrown away when read. If families would save these papers and sell them there would be more revenue for the missions.

Children going to parochial schools could gather and take to "Sister" old clothes, papers, tinfoil, and old rubbers. A junkman could be asked to call weekly—and there would be more revenue for the missions. (Better still, the constant appeal would fix in the children's minds the mission idea.)

Fountain pens now out of use, or broken gold pens, will find a welcome in our Jewelry Junk collection.



At Maryknoll we have ham bones, head-bone, study bones, wish bones and (att. Procurator) fish bones.

Only one bone is wanting to our collection, and that is a trombone to round out the harmony of our sympathy orchestra—(another "Suicide Club"). We have a tromboneless tromboner, even now, from Bosting, so rest assured—Ye Kind Victim who art going to send us that old trombone that's been lying in the attic since father was a boy—'twill ever be well polished; and tenderly cared for; and who knows but that, years hence, as hostile Chinese chieftains sit round the village chopsticks, their favor for the missionary may be won by some sweet, compelling trio from your baritoned trombone.

Mission Literature.

Why not give foreign mission literature a chance this year when you are selecting premium books?

As announced elsewhere, several copies of THE FIELD AFAR will be sent to any one address at especially low rates. In this way the message from the missions, laden with instruction and edification, can be brought to schools and Sunday-schools.

To spread among our own Catholics the mission idea is in itself a missionary work, which must be taken up by many among the clergy and laity before it can be widely felt. Help us in this propaganda.

Have you a friend in religion whom you wish to enroll as one of our subscribers? We can assure you in advance that your gift will find a welcome in any house devoted to the love of God and souls.

The Field Afar will be sent for one year to <i>anyone</i> address:			
10 copies (12 issues)			for \$8.00
25 "	"	"	" 20.00
50 "	"	"	" 40.00
100 "	"	"	" 80.00

STUDENT BURSE PROGRESS.

A burse or Foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

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John L. Boland Burse.....	6,000
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	5,000
*St. Willibrord Burse.....	5,000
Providence Diocese Burse.....	5,000
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Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse..	5,000
O. L. of Miraculous Medal Burse..	5,000
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Holy Trinity Burse.....	5,000
*Father B. Burse.....	6,273.31
Bishop Doran Memorial Burse....	5,000
St. Charles Borromeo Burse.....	5,000
†St. Teresa Burse.....	5,006

MARYKNOLL BURSES (Incomplete).

*Abp. John J. Williams Burse..	\$5,279.21
C. W. B. L. Burse	4,700.00
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St. Joseph Burse.....	3,213.57
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Burse	3,199.12
Holy Ghost Burse	2,321.19
†O. L. of Mt. Carmel Burse....	2,033.89
St. Patrick Burse	1,843.50
Curé of Ars Burse	1,805.41
St. Columba Burse	1,706.90
Pius X. Burse	1,577.00
Holy Child Jesus Burse	1,234.64
Precious Blood Burse	1,214.00
St. Anthony Burse	1,184.60
St. Dominic Burse	1,083.07
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Children of Mary Burse	116.00
All Saints Burse	102.00
Trinity Wekanduit Burse	100.00

THE VÉNARD BURSES (Incomplete).

Little Flower Burse	\$2,621.49
Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse..	1,422.00
Bl. Sacrament Burse	670.50
C. Burse	650.00
St. Aloysius Burse	108.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated in memory of the deceased.

* On hand but not operative.

† \$1,000 on hand but not operative.



APRIL SHOWERS.

MARYKNOLL LAND.

Total area at Maryknoll, 4,450,000 ft.
Sold up to April 1, 1918, 2,734,126 "
For sale at 1 cent a foot, 1,715,874 "

VÉNARD LAND.

Total area at The Vénard, 6,000,000 ft.
Sold up to April 1, 1918, 1,146,436 "
For sale at 1/2 cent a foot, 4,853,564 "

Practical family affection was that shown by the New York friend who sent a check to enroll several living and twelve deceased relatives as Associate Members in our Society.

Another Burse Completed.

Lovers of St. Teresa and of the work at Maryknoll will be glad to learn that the Burse in this Saint's honor has been completed. It is interesting to note that the contributions were almost entirely from women.

We shall be glad to increase the fund to \$6,000, so that all who have expressed a desire to share in the Burse may yet have an opportunity to do so. Interest on the Burse itself provides only for the board and tuition of the beneficiary. The additional \$1,000 will make it possible to secure books and other necessities.

SPECIAL FUNDS.

*Abp. Williams Catechist	
Fund	\$10,500.00
Foreign Mission Educational	
Fund	5,000.00
Vénard Student Fund	1,535.05
Anonymous Catechist Fund..	2,200.00
Bread Fund	631.05
Our Lady of Perpetual Help	
Fund	89.00

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	NEW SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama	\$5.00	
Arizona	6.00	1
Arkansas	2.00	2
California	42.90	42
Colorado	1.00	2
Connecticut	779.00	15
Delaware	25.00	
District of Columbia	135.73	8
Florida	50.00	2
Georgia	3.00	2
Idaho	5.25	
Illinois	147.28	9
Indiana	8.00	5
Iowa	7.50	25
Kansas	101.00	
Kentucky	8.50	6
Louisiana		2
Maine	5.25	
Maryland	150.45	7
Massachusetts	4,010.71	176
Michigan	106.51	4
Minnesota	89.27	9
Mississippi		1
Missouri	101.75	10
Nebraska	22.32	2
New Hampshire	24.13	3
New Jersey	311.00	192
New York	4,279.98	502
North Carolina	4.00	1
North Dakota		2
Ohio	228.85	12
Oklahoma		1
Oregon	5.00	1
Pennsylvania	6,094.80	2,020
Rhode Island	148.42	19
South Carolina	17.00	
South Dakota	8.90	2
Texas	1.00	4
Utah		1
Vermont	5.00	2
Washington	5.00	1
Virginia		1
West Virginia	3.25	2
Wisconsin	5.20	3

FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.

Canada	\$6.00	7
Canal Zone	5.00	
China	1.50	2
Cuba		1
Hawaii	3.50	1
Holland		1
Ireland		2
Japan		2
Italy		1
New Brunswick	5.00	
Newfoundland	61.00	
Nova Scotia	4.00	
Switzerland		2
Wales		1

Total of new subscribers
(Jan. and Feb.) 3,119

There are pins more expensive than the Maryknoll Chi Rho (key-ro), but we know of none more simple or more expressive.



THE MARIA CIRCLES.

IN addition to Red Cross and parish work, sewing for Maryknoll is helping to occupy the spare moments of the members of St. Teresa's Circle, Tarrytown, N. Y. These energetic workers are giving their attention to dish towels and are planning a euchre as a later benefaction.

Other Circle activities are indicated in the following reports. To the secretaries of active Circles we have sent a set of our new Educational Cards, as a slight token of the gratitude Maryknoll owes for the generous and continued assistance of our many Circle friends.

Enclosed you will find a check for \$10, a little remembrance to THE FIELD AFAR from the little Circle of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. (Apponaug, R. I.)

Kindly send us about 75 or 100 Mite Boxes, to be distributed among the members of our Young Ladies Sodality. We enclose money-order for \$9. (Rochester, N. Y.)

We should like this \$20 from the Virgin Mary Mission Club to be added to the Fall River Diocese Burse. We wish it were ever so much more, but perhaps the next time our contribution will be larger. (New Bedford, Mass.)

Our whist was a great success. Forty played. For the first prize we used your book, *With Christ in China*, and for the consolation prize had a Chinese doll made of peanuts. Afterwards we had a social hour and all seemed to enjoy it very much. We hope to hold these affairs often, for it will be a good way to make the mission idea known as well as to make money. For whist returns and Circle dues we are enclosing check for \$16. (St Dominic Circle, Central Falls, R. I.)

Maryknoll Seals sell for ten cents a dozen. This is more than they are worth, but Maryknoll will get the profit—also an advertisement among your friends.

Wekanduit!

THE students of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., have given a most eloquent proof of their apostolic zeal by starting at Maryknoll the *Trinity Wekanduit Burse*. Accompanying the check for one hundred dollars came a very interesting letter, which said in part:

Down here at Trinity there is a little group of girls, fourteen in all, known as the members of the *Wekanduit Bureau*. We call ourselves by that name because no matter what the girls want done, "We can do it." We black shoes; we wash dishes; we darn stockings; we run errands; we sweep rooms; we typewrite themes; we make Christmas, Easter or Birthday cards to order; in fact, we do any odd jobs that turn up. The girls pay us for our services and we give our earnings to the Foreign Missions.

Besides the *Wekanduit Bureau*, we have established at Trinity *The Trinity Foreign Mission Society*. Any one inside the College or outside of it may be a member of this by the payment of one dollar. Sixty cents of each dollar thus collected is given to the Propagation of the Faith; so, you see, every member of the "Trinity Foreign Mission Society" is *ipso facto* a member of the Propagation of the Faith.

Perhaps you wonder why we are giving you all these details. Well, to tell you the truth, we are hoping that this letter may be published in THE FIELD AFAR. And then readers of that magazine who are also friends of Trinity may feel inspired to help us.

We will send more contributions to the burse as soon as our earnings permit. Boot-blackening and dish-washing are not very lucrative professions.

YOUR prayers, please, for the souls of:

Rev. B. S. Chambers	Mrs. A. Cronin
Rev. H. P. Garvey	David Roche
Sr. Leonore Ashe	Mrs. W. Murphy
Caroline Koch	Catherine Halloran
Mrs. J. P. Lawlor	Elizabeth Getting
Mrs. O'Donnell	Anna Doran
Mary A. Doran	James McInerney
Johanna Ebel	Mrs. M. King
Mrs. J. C. Lee	Meta Randall
Mrs. A. McGrattan	Mrs. E. Thompson
Mrs. T. Pachang	Leo Sliney
Walter Mayers	Mrs. E. Meehan

"And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations for a gift to the Lord, . . . to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord."—Isa. lvi. 20.

\$1,200 has been received from the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion as a second payment towards their Burse at Maryknoll.

The energetic members, in addition to pushing the Burse for the education of missionaries who will go abroad, are losing no opportunity for personal mission effort at home. The secretary writes:

One of our members has been giving her copy of THE FIELD AFAR to a Chinese laundryman. He is so much interested that he is sending this subscription, and he thinks other Chinamen also would like to read the paper. He has given a dollar to the Burse, too, so we think he is a pretty good Chinaman.

A business man of Ohio has been giving our work much thought, and here are the practical fruits of it:

Enclosed find check for \$44.50. I want 20 to go to some poor mission priest, to say Masses for my intention and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of my family. \$15 is for the fifteen most nearly completed burses, at \$1 each. The rest will pay for one year's membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society for the nineteen members of my family.

Later our friend wrote:

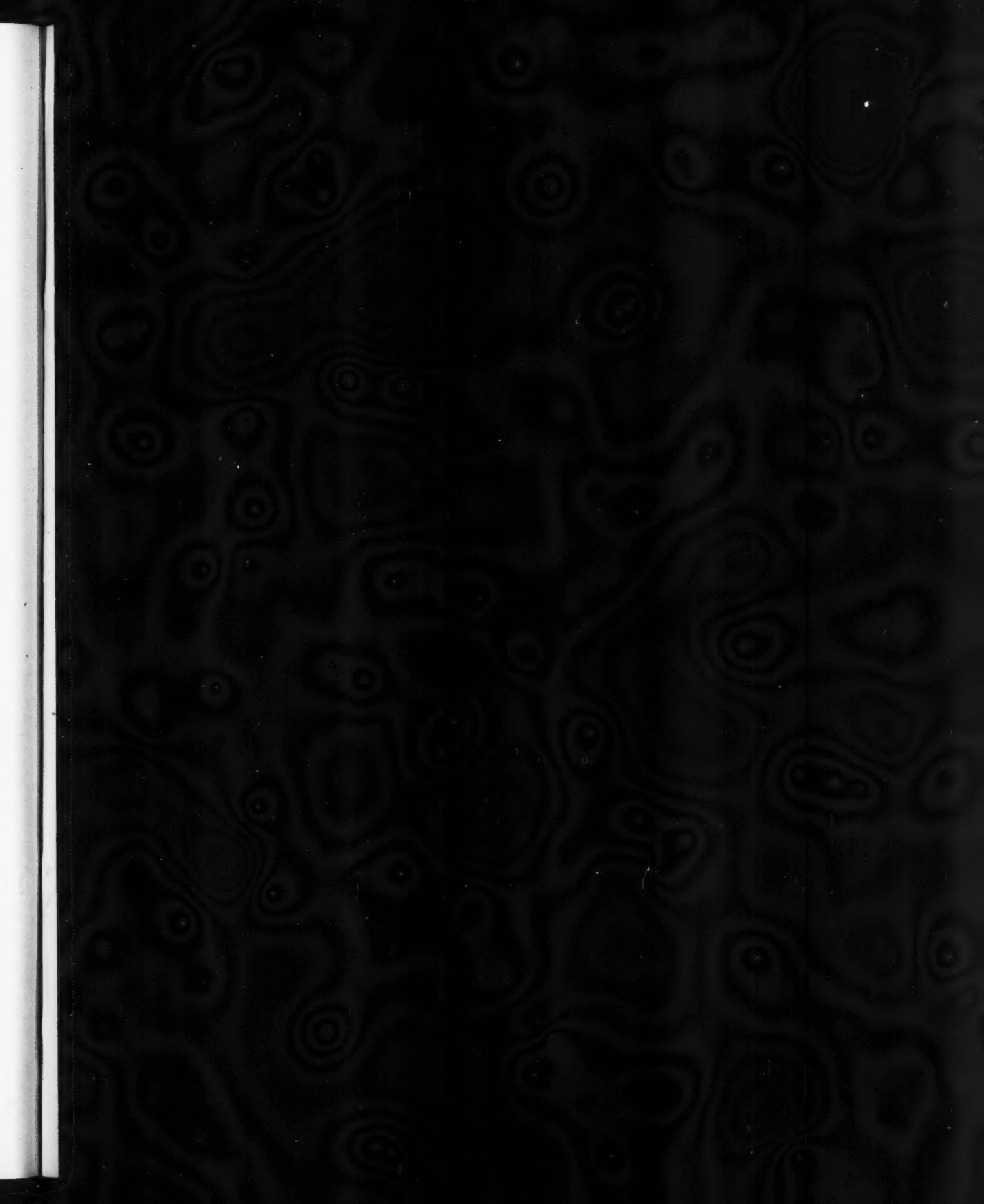
If I send you Perpetual Memberships for living and deceased, which I am paying for myself as a charity, is not that good mission work I am doing? Do I not derive as great spiritual advantages as by helping in a general way? In this way I can do good to others and you can use the money where the need is greatest.

This conclusion was evidently satisfactory to the writer, for with it came a check for \$50, to pay the first Membership in the proposed series.

NEW PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES.

Living: Mrs. M. J.; O'Reilly family (living and deceased); C. F. G. Mrs. A. M. K.; J. G. G.; M. K.; E. Q.; E. B.; M. S. E.; J. H.; N. O'C.; J. McC.; S. A. M.; Rev. Friend.

Deceased: Mary J. Dempsey; Bridget Ray; Octavia Ray; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Buckley; Bridget Noonan; James Madden; James Hudson; Mrs. Mary Callahan; George Campbell; Edward McKee; William O'Donnell; Nicholas Neil; William Gamble; Samuel Gamble; James Tierney; Ann Tierney; William Moore.



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We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

